

BLUE GRASS BLADE.

EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY; \$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

VOLUME XIII. NUMBER 52

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, SUNDAY, MARCH 5, E. M. 305

\$1.00 A YEAR.

A. T. Fisher
High and Asst. East Side



Charles L. Moore
Editor

UNION LABEL

TERMS OF THE BLADE.
1 issue for one year \$1.00.
In clubs of five NEW subscribers,
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Terms—\$1.00 per year, in advance;
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Makes all Money Orders, Drafts and
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Office of publication—155 W. Short St.,
Lexington, Kentucky.

Entered at the post office at Lexing-
ton, Ky., as Second Class Mail
matter.

Address all communications to
BLUE GRASS BLADE, P. O. BOX,
293, Lexington, Kentucky.

Daytime Telephone, 419.
(Overnight Telephone, 207.)

JESUS WOULD BE REJECTED.

Dr. Levy Declares Christ's Reception
Would Be Cold If He Came to
Pittsburg.

SOME HOTELS WOULD BAR HIM.

"Jesus was born. He lived and
died a Jew of Jewry, and it is my
conviction that were He to come to
day to Pittsburg He would be re-
jected as a Jew, possibly denied entrance
to some hotels, certainly refused the
privilege of purchasing a home in
certain districts and assuredly de-
nied social equality with the same
people who pray to Him as a God
and adore Him as the divine exam-
ple."

The above was the startling state-
ment made by the Rev. Dr. J. Leo-
nard Levy in the sixth lecture of the
present course of Sunday services
before the reform congregation
Rudolph Shalom, Eighth street, below
Penn avenue, yesterday morning, the
subject being, "Primitive Christian-
ity and Reform Judaism."

Primitive Christianity can be con-
strued as being nothing else than the
religion of the Prophets of Israel
tinged, of course, by the peculiar po-
litical and social conditions prevail-
ing in Palestine in the days of the
Nazarene. The religion of Jesus is
Jewish. He, himself, was not a
Christian, but the Jewish son of a
Jewish mother, and father, reared in
Jewish circles and spiritually nour-
ished by the Jewish religion. No one
in this world would be more sur-
prised to hear of the creeds associated
with his name than would Jesus him-
self. As a God-believing Jew he held
strictly to the Jewish law and pro-
claimed his belief that rather "heav-
en and earth would pass away, yet
not one jot or tittle of the law would
pass." It was never his intention to
supplant Judaism by any other reli-
gion.

The Blue Grass Blade is one dollar
a year, in advance, but in clubs of 5
will be sent to five different addres-
ses for one year for fifty cents each.

WILLIAM

BENJAMIN SMITH PH. D.

"THE COLOR LINE—A BRIEF FOR
THE UNBORN."

Dr. W. B. Smith, the greatest
scholar ever born in Kentucky, and
the highest type of a moralist, in all
of his personal habits that I ever
knew, is now, and for many years
has been professor of Mathematics
in Touleline University, New Orleans,
Louisiana.

He is something over sixty years
old. He boarded in my family, in
Lexington, and afterward lived with
us, as our guest on the farm at
"Quakeren," but through his own
preference, worked with me on the
farm, probably enough to pay for his
board.

He was a first born graduate of
the University of Kentucky, at Lex-
ington, and then went to Germany
and took his Ph. D. at Göttingen.

His acquirements were the most
thorough and most varied of any
man I ever knew, among them being
the finest knowledge of religion and
the Bible that I ever knew. He was
a thorough infidel, but, in those days,
about 1872, he was once said to
atheism that I hardly know how he
was upon that point. I was not then
an atheist.

There were some 500 students at
Kentucky University.

James Lane Allen, now a world-fa-
mous writer of books, was the in-
imate friend of Smith and myself.
Allen had not then shown himself to
be the infidel that "The Reign of
Law" showed him to be.

Smith's influence in religious opin-
ion over the students was such, that
Allen, as he told me, once said to
McGarvey, president of the theologi-
cal department of that University:
"Why don't you talk to Smith about
religion?" and McGarvey answered,
so Allen told me, "I would take him
two years of reading to be able to
talk to Smith."

Since then Smith has been backed
down from his infidelity, apparently
to hold his position in a University
dominated by Catholic influence, that
I suppose he is now more solid than
infidel. He has sent me three
books that he has written, which
though exceedingly learned, were so
devoid of interest that I could only
give them a cursory reading with the
accent on the "cursory."

I don't know that he has ever seen
any of my books and the only remark
I have ever heard of his making about
the Blade was that it was corrup-
ting the English language with
his "color line."

He seems to have taken no interest
in my career.

He now has in press, a book the
title of which is: "The Color Line"—
a brief for the Unborn. The Cour-
ier-Journal of February 25 has an
outline of the book.

It seems to have been written as a
warning against the miscegenation
of the white and black races.

He says that there are many mu-
tations born from white men and
black women, but only a few born of
white women and black men.

There is but little tending to mis-
cegenation and nearly all of that is
of white men and black women.

The theme of the book is quite un-
important as compared with the im-
mense burning questions—the burn-
ing of Negroes at the stake, for in-
stance—that are now before scholars
and moralists.

The book seems to be written
against the Negro, and Smith seems
to have taken up "The white man's
burden," almost regardless of the
happiness of the black man.

The Negro is the victim of the
teachings of the Bible that dooms
him to be "a slave of slaves until his
brethren" (Genesis II, 25).

Our American civil war was the
plain result of the fact that Chris-
tians, and the New Testament
plainly and unmistakably, teach that
slavery is right, while infidelity,
headed by the infidel Lincoln, and as-
sisted by the infidel Ingersoll said
slavery was wrong.

Smith's father and family were in-
tense "Rebels," their whole sym-
pathy being with the South, but Dr.
Smith was an intense Republican,
his whole sympathy being with the

North, and yet now, since the poor,
unfortunate Negro has been emanci-
pated, Smith seems to begrudge
him the poor, miserable pittance of
the right to exist that he has, and
while the fate of the Negro is a
theme that ought to arouse the sym-
pathy of every good man and wom-
an in the world, here is Smith who,
while he was an infidel, sympathized
with the Negro when he (Smith) gets
to be a Christian.

A crime the details of which are
too dreadful for me to give in this
paper, one against and old woman,
and one against a younger, and both
white, has just been committed in
Lexington, by a Negro named James
Piersoll, and he has been condemned
to be hanged, and like all other mur-
ders will be rejoicing in the assur-
ance given him by preachers or
priests—generally the latter—in a
few minutes he will be in heaven,
and the whole scene will virtually
be offering a premium to other men
to commit other crimes.

No brute of the jungles of India or
Africa is so brutal as Piersoll, and
yet drunk with Christian whiskey as
he claims he was, and seems to have
been, and with features but little
more refined than those of the gorilla,
his ancestor of a few genera-
tions ago, Piersoll is the moral su-
perior, all things considered, of the
white woman, Kate Edwards, in the
North, who, assisted by a Negro,
murdered her husband that she
might enjoy the embraces of the Ne-
gro, and then when she, a Christian,
was to be hung, selected the text
for the sermon at her funeral, and
the hymns that were to be sung at
the gallows, among the number, be-
ing, "Nearer My God to Thee."

Those who have read my book "Be-
hind the Bars, 31495," have seen that
I would have been in the Confed-
erate army, but for the fact that the
South was fighting to sustain slavery,
my aversion to which, though I was
born a slave owner, was the cause
that started me from Christianity in-
to infidelity.

The virus of the Bible, the worst
book ever written, that encourages
war, slavery, drunkenness, sexual lib-
ertinism, royalty and pondering to
the rich has gotten into the once
great heart and brain of William
Benjamin Smith, Ph. D.—not Dan
Phoebus—and the once brilliant infidel
is deserting his learning and gen-
ius, now that he is a Christian, to
further humiliate the Negro, whose
fate is enough eternally to damn the
Christian religion if there had been
no other crime for which that reli-
gion is responsible.

WHAT HEAVEN LOOKS LIKE

I have often wondered—when I
was younger—what heaven looks like
but I suppose I shall never know
until I get there.

Paul was once—thats is, so he says
"caught up into paradise and heard
unspeakable words, which it is not
lawful for man to utter." It always
seemed to me that being a newspa-
per reporter, and good on the use
and hear and interview, that if I just
had three minutes in heaven I could
make a better account out of it than
Paul did. I suppose that the regular
language spoken in heaven is He-
brew, and, though I have dabbled in
that language some, I could under-
stand it if they were all talking at
once, but I have met such men as
Talmage and Beecher and Alexander
Campbell that spoke the American
language and Spurgeon that spoke the
English language and I know those
two languages well, and I will bet
I could find one or more of those
four fellows and get from them what
was the main things that was being
talked on the streets in heaven, the
day I was there, and if I had just had
my spectacles along I am satisfied I
would have seen enough there, in
three minutes to write half a Blade full.

A priest named Doane who is rec-
tor of St. Patrick's Roman Cathedral,
at Newark, N. J., was lately caught
up into heaven and gave some ac-
count of what he saw.

I guess this is real straight goods,
for various prominent clergy, Catho-
lic and Protestant, in that country
were interviewed about it, and they
all said they had no doubt as to the
accuracy of Doane's account and

while you might suspect a Catholic
priest of lying, of course we cannot
imagine that a Protestant preacher
would lie to boost a Catholic miracle.

Doane's account runs thusly:
"I seemed," so runs the monis-
on's account in the version of the
senior Henry, "to be translated to a
place of ineffable light and exquisi-
tely sweet music. The aspect of the
scene was such as no words can de-
scribe. Entrancing strains of music
filled my ears, and the air was flood-
ed with a brilliant golden light. Al-
though I could see no one, there
seemed to be voices singing such
songs as I have never heard in the
grandest cathedral. I was led
through that glorious land to the
foot of the throne of God. I must
not attempt to tell you what it was
like, for it has not entered into the
heart of man to imagine the glories
that God has prepared for us in heav-
en."

It seems to be generally conceded
that the place is splendidly lighted
and that the music there, vocal and
instrumental, is very fine. All ac-
counts of the place agree in saying
that.

But it seems like a great pity that
the rec- tor of a great Eastern cathe-
dral, no common wild-and-woolly-
west scrub, like Wilkinson—who had
been accustomed to thinking and
reading and talking about heav-
en for years, could not find just a few
words to give us some idea of the
place—as for instance whether or
not in his judgment the bricks in
the streets were the real stuff, good
enough to coin into our American
money or whether they were the
brand of gold bricks, upon which
some of our nice old Christian gen-
tlemen in the country, advance, just
for an accommodation, some thou-
sands of dollars, taking the bricks as
collateral until the gentlemen who
just happened to be traveling
through their country, got in a few
days, large sums of money on the
way to them, from New York. It
is a strange to me too, that parson
Doane didn't see my book about the
town. I had always imagined that
most of the people there were women
(there), and angels could be seen
walking and sitting around town,
on goods boxes, soap boxes, nail
kegs, stumps, logs, park benches
any old thing, and I am quite sur-
prised that the parson didn't meet
anybody.

Who or what was that "lod" him
if he didn't see anybody?
He went to the foot of the throne
of God, but he does not mention
seeing God, or J. C. or H. G.—not Hor-
ace Greeley, oh.

I get the idea that the parson went
on foot to the foot of the throne of
God, but I had only supposed that
he could get there in a boat, as the
Bible says there is a line river
—I had always imagined about the
size of the Mississippi—flowing from
under the throne of God. I am real
disappointed about it. I had heard
all about the light and the music
there, from the Bible and the hymn
books, and was in hopes we would
get some fresh pointers.

TOO LONG.

Bishop Vincent Says People are Tired
Out by Lengthy Devotions
At Church.

Baltimore, Md. Feb. 17.—At a reli-
gious gathering known as the "Seven
Day Study of Church Life" at Straw-
bridge M. E. church, Bishop John H.
Vincent made the unexpected declara-
tion that in many instances prayers
were entirely too long, and that peo-
ple attending services were tired out
by that form of devotion when carried
to extremes.

In answer to the question of pray-
er the Bishop said: "I think that
some ministers believe the secret of
prayer to be a long discourse, which
tires the people. One sentence may
accomplish all the good necessary,
and we become burdensome when
strung out."

Prayer can be much abbreviated,
I have tried it, and I know. I used
to wear a very long coat and long
made long prayers. I cut off
some of my coat tail, took up my face
a button hole or two, and made my
prayer shorter. I kept on shortening
all three and found that my health
kept just as good, and now I can wear
a "roundabout" and not pray at all.

Send us five subscribers and help
spread Preethought.

KENYON V. MILLER

Lawyer of Indianapolis, Ind., Claims
To Have Found in Egypt, the
Place Where Noah Built the
Ark.

Different parties have sent me cop-
ies of the Commercial Tribune of
Cincinnati, of Sunday, January 19,
containing scenes around the pyra-
mids and Memphis, in Egypt, and an
account of how an Indianapolis law-
yer named Kenyon V. Miller, claims
he was converted from infidel-
ity to Christianity, by finding, in
Egypt, the place where Noah built
the ark, and finding that Noah built
the pyramids of Gizeh. The picture
of Miller would suggest that the
man is weak minded.

His article is so silly that it seems
strange that any great metropolitan
paper would print such stuff. A part
of the long account of Miller is as
follows:

"I was thoroughly indoctrinated in
all the teachings of the openly avowed
infidels, as well as the teachings
of the higher critics. These higher
critics had caused my relatives and
friends to lose their faith in Chris-
tianity. Some seventeen years since I
wished to assure myself as to whether
or not the Bible was a book given to
men by the Almighty God or was the
most dreadful fraud ever perpetrated
upon credulous humanity. Since then
I have given profound thought to
solving the puzzling problems of the
Bible.

"I have been compelled to study
in the lands where the Bible was
written. I have spent months at Mem-
phis, Egypt, where Moses was born,
and have walked up and down the
paths where Miriam watched the baby
Moses in his ark among the rushes
by the brink of the Nile River. I have
studied the hieroglyphics on the ruin-
ed palaces which Noah built 3,400
years ago."

"I am thoroughly convinced that
the Holy Bible is correct and abso-
lutely reliable as to its historicity,
and that scientifically, it is the only
book that knows and speaks the ex-
act truth about the stars and our plan-
et, and the people who are now im-
prisoned upon it."

Nobody of any importance now
claims to know where Moses was
born, and the Bible does not indicate
it.

I was shown the place on the Nile
where he was said to have been
found in his little soap box, and I
brought from the place two pretty
pebbles and gave them to the Hon-
orable Kaufman, of Lexington.

I saw on the Nile, hundreds of
miles of bulrushes, but at the place
where the soap box, containing Moses
was said to have been found, there
is now, and for centuries has been,
a city, and there are no bulrushes
there, or in miles of there, and could
not have been there for some hun-
dreds of years.

The Nile overflows the whole coun-
try, there, every year, and effaces any
and all marks on the ground, by cov-
ering them with soil, and the idea of
walking up and down the paths where
Miriam watched the baby Moses, is
just too utterly too too stupid for
any man of good sense to claim to
have done.

BILLY SUNDAY.

I have received the Dixon (Illa),
Daily Star—(Stars are in the night
however), giving a full-length pic-
ture of Billy Sunday, with the le-
gend: "The Evangelist in one of his
characteristic poses." He is shaking
both fists up at heaven and extend-
ing his left leg so as to show the
vice fresh crease in his breeches 'n'g.
Billy is represented just in the act
of "sneering eternal, unwearable
and irrevocable punishment of the devil."
Those are fine large words and cal-
culated greatly to impress the class
of people who go to church.

But why Billy is looking up to
heaven, while he is cussing out the
devil, I can't get onto.

Seems to me he ought to be look-
ing down the other way.

Life is too short, especially at my
age, to read all the paper said about

Billy, but I took in the fact that
while they are raising money to pay
Billy for his gas bill, he objected to
the little bags that they community
use in churches to scoop in the shet-
els of the sanctuary, for people put
paper ships and buttons and just
any old thing into those bags, be-
cause they cannot see, and Billy
made them get it in pie plates so that
every body could see what a fellow
was shipping in, and see that he was
no shipping poker chips.

As long as a sucker is born every
minute fellows like Billy will have
their linnings.

HEAVENLY FIRE.

Said to Have Restored Widow To Des
Moines Lady.

Had Been Taking all Kinds of Patent
Medicines.

Prayed Day and Night for Relief and
Finally Received It From Above.

Rather than an unconsumed flame of
fire which she claims swept down
from heaven and enveloped her body
Mrs. H. J. Reeves of Des Moines has
been restored to youth and healthful-
ness from a woman of 62 years, who
has been crippled in body and limb
for years.

The marvelous transformation came
through the aid of a person claiming
to have divine healing power, but in
the midst of a religious meeting at a
mission house in the poorer district
of a member of the city's supreme
bench, was speaking, having come to
the mission at the request of church
workers to aid in the services. Mrs.
Ladd is Methodist by profession, and
belongs to no society which teaches
divine healing but in an interview
she admits the story, and believes it
was a remarkable demonstration of
God's power to these poor people.

Great excitement has been caused
in South Des Moines by the incident
and many there are, who claim the
miracle was sent as a rebuke to the
aristocratic religious people of the
city. That it was to prove God visits
the poor and deserted people who
worship in a humble but acceptable
way in a little room without pipe
organ, without rich furnishings and tall
steeples.

The mission congregation is com-
posed principally of Christians, Me-
thodists, Presbyterians and Free Me-
thodists.

The above is the principle part of
the account from the Keokuk (Iowa)
Constitution-Democrat.

The "Christians" mentioned are the
Campbellites. There has been a
"split" among the Christians on the or-
gan question. The factors are called the
Progressives and the Non-Progressives.

My man Wilkinson is a Non-Pro-
gressive. He is very humorous. He
calls the Progressives, "Digressive." Among
the Non-Progressives, however, you can
play on any thing in church from a
melodeon down to a "juice-harp," but
on nothing from the melodeon up—
they draw the line at the pipe organ.

This interesting miracle that was
pulled off on Sister H. J. Reeves, is a
ten strike for the Non-Progressives.

I should think that, after this, any
body would be afraid to go into any
church that has a pipe organ in it.

I make it a rule never to go into
any church for fear it might have a
pipe organ in it.

Des Moines is the city where Gov-
ernor Cummings lives, who sent Dr.
Hammer to the penitentiary for being
an infidel.

HOLY SMOKE.

I have received a newspaper clip-
ping about the burning of "The First
Baptist church destroyed by fire last
Sunday morning."

"Clip does not say where. Picture
of the church shows that it was a
jodater."

A part of the account says:
"To these figures should be added
the cost of the furnishings which in-
cluded \$1,500.00 pipe organ, a fine
piano, Sunday school organ, bell,
carpets throughout, chairs, fully equip-
ped kitchen, hymn books, bibles and
numberless other articles."

Kitchen and grub are a big part
of a church these days.

What was that Dr. J. C. said about
the loaves and fishes?

At Jefferson, Ga., Rev. J. D. Wood-
ward, Baptist was convicted of
bigamy and sent to the penitentiary
for four years, the limit of the law.

"SALVATION ARMY LASSIE"

Turna Infidel, and Says "Being a Christian Makes Me Tired."

She Says to Me, "Shiny on Your Own Side."

She Jumps on Poor Andy Carnegie, With Both Her Little Feet—Yikes! But She is Mashed on Sister Katie Edwards and Says Katie Ought to Kill Her Old Drunken "Hubby."

Cleveland O., Feb. 19, 05

Mr. C. C. Moore.
Sir—For some months past I have been a reader of the B. G. Blade, and, as far as its just criticism of the Christian religion is concerned, it is all right; and I agree with it in the main, very well, I being an infidel.

But when I read some of the articles printed in the Blade, I just cannot hold my peace any longer, because I believe it is the betterment of the human family that should be the objects of all infidels.

Now I know that since I became an infidel I am a better woman than when I was a Christian, and I am much more charitable and more sympathetic than when my mind was so narrow, as no Christians are anything but narrow minded and bigoted. I was a Salvation Army Lassie, and a very enthusiastic Christian, and, now I am just as enthusiastic an infidel, and the thought of ever again being a Christian makes me tired.

But I think you have said, several times, in the Blade, that you wished to do good and I have the impression that you want to be just and fair, to all humanity, either Christians or unbelievers, but I think that in some instances you are very unfair, and so I am just going to give you a little tongue lashing, and, as you are a married man you know that that means.

You keep on "harping" about the wonderful good the infidel, Andrew Carnegie, is doing to the world.
Well, surely it is a good thing to give books for those who are too poor to buy them, but how has that same Andrew Carnegie amassed his fortune?

I lived for many years, in a district of his laborers' time, to say the very least, not an honored name among the laborers. He was a hard task master; always cutting men's wages until those who worked for him existed not lived—and he, reaping the benefit of their labor, is now able to give books away.

Go to the field where he made his money; very few there respect him, a greedy, ungodly slave driver, who is a disgrace to infidelity.

Perhaps if he had given his men better wages they could have bought books and he would have less money to make his name noted.

I wish he was a devout Christian, for he is just mean enough to be that, and I too bad to be classed among infidels.

Well, I guess this is enough for old Carnegie, and more than he is worth, but if you wish to uplift infidelity, don't use Andrew Carnegie as an example.

Then about Kate Edwards you are also unjust. She is a Christian, and a murderer, surely, but why? Poor woman, a drunkard's daughter and a drunkard's wife, beaten and kicked by the drunken old wretch, she killed to prevent him killing her. He deserved to die, and she was justified in the act. She now carries marks on her body, according to the newspapers, of his brutality.

She should have killed him years ago, that is assuming that she is of sound mind, of which there is reason to doubt, she being an epileptic. Then, as to her Christianity, she is poor and ignorant and knows no better. So don't condemn a poor ignorant creature, who is doing the best she knows, and in the name of justice, don't blame her for his crime, and hold her up as an example of what Christians will do. We know they are dishonorable and if Kate Edwards were the only proof, then I would say that Christianity is not so bad a thing after all.

I believe every woman should kill a man who beats and kicks her, and forces her to cohabit with other men either white or colored, and she did right. I believe you are an honest man and I respect you, but be just in your criticisms, and assist in your praise. The trick of blaming unjustly, and of giving unwarranted praise, belongs to the Christians, and not to infidels, so please "shiny on your own side." Well, I hope you have lived through this terrible lashing, and now I want to tell you that I respect your gray hairs and old age, and I believe you wish to do good and also believe you are doing good and I like the B. G. B. and wish it success and long life, and I am surely a better woman from reading it. My father was an infidel of your kind, and he died about two months ago, and if any Christian ever did more peacefully, I never saw nor heard of it.

and his death bed talks were simply grand, honest, upright, fair, just, but for his unbelief, I assure you, and I only wish the lying Christians, who tell of the terrible death bed scenes of infidels could have seen him pass away. Well, Mr. Moore, be fair to your paper and I have no wish to wound you, so if I have hurt your feelings, forgive me. Yours for freedom from superstition and every time for truth, and reason and justice to all.—E. W.

I believe you are a good and sensible woman, and that you have had finer opportunities to know what you are talking about than I have had, and I am not going to dispute a word you say. I wish, though, that you had given your name.

TOM LYONS

Baptist Woman Turns Infidel

Winterest, Iowa, Feb. 12, 05.
Charles C. Moore.

Editor Blue Grass Blade—I have read copies of your paper when I thought things you said were blasphemous.

This morning I cannot help but feel you preach the true gospel.

Not long since I was taking treatment of one of our doctors for rheumatism.

He said some things which to me, sounded irreligious.

I asked him if he prayed for me to get well.

He said "No it's no use to pray, I will work and try to do my part, but there is no God that would pay any attention if I did pray."

I left the office debating in my own mind about going back.

Although that I feeling that I was doing wrong, I continued treatment and I got well.

For the past three weeks, at our Baptist church here, there has been held a revival, which is spoken of as the most successful meeting held here for some time. Last night, about half past one, the church was discovered to be burning.

The fire was under such headway that it could not be checked, and, this morning, only the damaged walls remain.

I cannot understand this. I did not go to church, today, and am writing to you tonight.

I cannot understand how the ministers at other churches will pray to God to bless and help those who have been so unfortunate as to lose their homes of worship.

I cannot help feeling that if there is a God, who pays any attention to our affairs he would have moved some one to discover the fire in time to save the building.

West of the church, just across the street, is a lumber yard which we have been visiting recently, because it is so near the church and the center of business. The church was one of the best in the city, and had recently been repainted and generally repaired.

About 25 feet east of the church is an old frame building, which, for some time, has been an eye-sore. The bystanders said it would have to go because one of the chimneys of the church would fall upon it, but the chimney fell inside of the church and the old frame building is unharmed.

It being protected by a deep layer of snow on the roof.

The lumber men can continue to do business at the old stand because they got in before the present city ordinance was passed.

If the lumber man had burned out last night and the church had been saved, every minister in town would have said the Lord ordered it, and that to show his special favor, he chose the most favorable time when the good meetings were going on in the church, and while the church was protected by a mantle of snow.

But the church is in ruins while the objectionable places about it are unharmed.

I can only conclude that the doctor who cured my rheumatism was right when he said that we are under certain existing laws, and that, when conditions are right, under the operations of those laws, a church will burn as quick as a saloon, hence there can be no such thing as a Providential interference.

Yours truly,
MRS. —

I wish you had signed your name. There is not a mistake of any kind in your letter.

Now let me tell you one that beats yours.

I am nearly 70 years and feel like I can recollect Lexington for about 100 years. I never heard of but three houses in the town that were struck by lightning.

The first one was the Limestone street Catholic church—burnt all the steeple off and same near burning up a big Catholic convent.

The next was a house that belonged to W. B. Emmal, one of the Camp-

bellite sliders that turned me out of that church after I had turned myself out.

The next one was the Walnut street Campbellite church, the finest church in Lexington. The church is full of heavy stone. The next house to that in church was Tom Lyons' drinking saloon, a neat little frame house, and all those rich Campbellites just rained hell in trying to raise Tom out of that saloon, but they could not do it worth a cent because Tom was there before the lightning was there.

The lightning never touched a single splinter on Tom's saloon. Tom was the only saloon keeper in Lexington that ever took the Blue Grass Blade. He was an Irish Catholic. He never would pay any body but me, personally, and always paid me a silver dollar, calling me in as I passed by, and he always gave me as much cider as I could drink.

Tom died three weeks ago, aged 75 years, and his estate was appraised at \$300,000.

THE "NAGER" AND THE "DOUGH."

Vallejo, Calif.—I was highly amused in your last issue about that stepfather, Hannigan, giving that negro murderer a holy dough ticket to beautiful heaven.

They want black murderers also. That nigger didn't give his victim time to look for a stepfather Hannigan to give her a heavenly dough ticket, but sent her so that she couldn't go even by the brake-bean route. The easiest way to get to the Catholic heaven is to kill some fellow creature. The murderer gets all the services of the priests that he wants, and a free ride with a whole company of attendants as soon as he is jerked to Jesus from the gallows. J. C. can't make any mistake, the fellow has the mark of the rooster around his neck. "Po de wah" when the nig was a slave, the Dago church didn't want him, at any price, as, at that time, he had no soul.

Lincoln emancipated Mr. Nig and gave him a soul according to the Dago and Irish rules. The other religious denominations had preachers among the slaves, but for the Dago money they were mere animals.

At that time poor Nig made no money for himself, could not pay for the holy dough, and he had to step aside.

Now he has got a soul through Lincoln's proclamation, he gets a soul ticket, holy dough ticket, while Lincoln, who gave him the soul, is to be content with being in hell.

Ingersoll, Garfield, Grant, Rousseau, Zola and Voltaire, and all the good heretics, who would not apply for a holy dough ticket—ALBERT LAWRENCE.

"Po de wah" the negroes had their own churches, and there was a place for them in all the Protestant churches.

Every Irishman seemed to hate every Negro, and always called them "Niggers." After the war it was reported in our neighborhood, that a Negro man named Eli, that had belonged to our neighbor, Major John H. Wallace, had joined the Catholic church.

It was the first time I had ever seen that the Catholics would take them in. But any body who has the "dough" can go into any of them. Eli "got there."

"MARTIN TWAIN

Never wrote a Book as Entertaining As Your "Dough Fennel in the Orient."

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 17, 05.

Mr. Moore.
I enclose a part of Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune, containing an article by Mr. Silas P. Rockwell, part of it referring to his belief in religion, I think beautiful and hope you will print it.

I am now, and for a long time have been, a reader of the Blade, and especially your writings.

Mr. Twain never wrote a book as entertaining as your "Dough Fennel in the Orient"—S. C. REHLEY.

The part of the article about religion is as follows:
"I am not a churchman. I am a latitudinarian—and serene. I know not whence I came nor whither I go. I only know that I shall soon lie down with my fathers and sleep the sleep that knows no waking."

I do think that a man's belief has anything to do with his future life, as a greater part of the world has never heard of the Christian religion and another good part of the world is so constituted that it can not believe contrary to its honest convictions. So that I think that if there is an infinite being, wise, merciful and loving, he will not bring into existence an intelligent being to hold him accountable for his conduct in this state of existence when he has the end from the beginning, which is synonymous to foreordination. It

would be inhuman in a finite being and ungodlike in an infinite being."

OLD KENTUCKY.

Prescribes The B. G. B. For Morality And Happiness.

Lawrenceburg, Ky., Feb. 22, 05.
Bro. Moore and Sister.

Sirs—Pind enclosed order for \$3.00 and send the worth of it in Blades, the best paper of its size and weight. I see your subscribers write short letters to you and most of them are superb.

I don't know whether I can concentrate my thoughts enough to tell you of my sins and omissions and your few faults. The first thing I do after unwrapping the Blade is to look over in the Southeast corner—being the best paper of its size and weight. I see your subscribers write short letters to you and most of them are superb.

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Black did not attempt it, but kicked out of the traces of debate, and launched a tirade of personal abuse on the Colonel and his publisher.

The God superstition will have to share the same fate as others. It is in the central superstition of them all, and the one about which all the others turn, though usually the hardest and last to be abandoned.
—WILLIAM H. WHITE

INFIDEL EDITOR.

Of "Secular Thought" Says "I Give the Devil His Due." And Is Going To Do It.

Toronto, Canada, Feb. 20, 05.
Editor Blue Grass Blade.

Sir—A week or two ago you were good enough to quote a passage from the pages of the "Secular Thought," giving it a heading "Wish I could understand it." If there should be "honorable among thieves" still more should there be honor among editors, and you know, Mr. Moore, as well as I do, that in violating every rule of editorial honor knowingly to credit opinions to the wrong persons.

You must also know that the editor of a journal does not make himself responsible for all the opinions of his correspondents, even if he does not specially announce the fact.

It is a common and reasonable understanding, and, indeed, the Correspondence column is the commonly accepted medium of admitting adverse opinions.

Now the passage you expressed a wish to understand occurred in a letter by the well-known Hermann Wettstein, as was very clearly indicated, and any one who is acquainted with that gentleman's writings might have excused me, had I expressed the same wish myself. You will understand that this, by no means, implies that I consider that all of Mr. Wettstein's writings should be put in the same category, but it means this,—that like yourself, I have enough follies of my own, to answer for, without having those of all of my correspondents fathered upon me.

"Sum cuique," is a good maxim to keep in mind, and I will thank you to give this correction note a place in an early issue of the B. G. B., to which I cordially wish long life, and increasing usefulness.

I always scan his pages with interest and much amusement, though sometimes it seems as if the lingo had run away with the compositor and left the editor and the "devil" to do the work with the key-press.

It wasn't the sentiment of the piece that I was kicking about, Lord, no—couldn't have been, for I had no idea, on God's earth, what the sentiment was because the words were all so big, I couldn't understand it, and I just said "Wish I could understand it" so I could tell whether I liked the sentiment or not, and "therefore," (as Billy Breckinridge used to say), I didn't know whether it made any difference whether the editor or a correspondent wrote it.

Hermann Wettstein used to write for the Blade before we got the lingo-type, and I didn't know a darn thing about printing except not to pay the printer, and I learned in the penitentiary, and had to disobey the rules of the shakedown to do it, and was always afraid they would duck me for doing it, and sometimes with the old style type we had, a printed galley of my type would be so full of holes that it gave a streak of lightning down in the electrocution department where they jerked on to Jesus, on a blue streak of lightning—awful place, I used to go in there to see some poor devil, that they were fattening up to make jerked beef out of him.

When Wettstein—German for Whetstone—first wrote something for the Blade, I naturally thought that a whetstone was just what a blade needed, but when we came to run his long words through the lingo-type they choked the thing down like six-foot wire he choke down a thrashing machine and give Jim Hughes the Jimjams, and Sir, I hope I may go to heaven when I die, if that brand-new lingo-type that cost \$3,000.00, has ever with this day got through running some of old Whetstone's long words through it, and it's that that makes you mention the by-fryck.

It was just like running an armful of pitchforks through a thrashing machine.

AN EDITOR SAYS

I Think The Blue Grass Blade Improves With Every Issue."

Dickens, Iowa, Feb. 18, 05.

Dear Sir and Brother—You and I are Bible scholars, and, while you are in advance of me, let me be presumptuous, and quote a little scripture to you: "Do not weary in well doing"

I think you are doing an immense amount of good in the world, in dispelling the fear of God and hell from the human mind, and while you may never get returns, in cash, for a small part of the good you do, there is a genuine pleasure in knowing that we have cleared the mind of superstition and fear, and laid a permanent basis of happiness to the human race.

Every child from whose mind you eradicate the religious dogmas of God, heaven and hell, may live to become the parent of children whose mind will not be incited with superstition and fear and these children may, in time, become the parents of other children and so on, ad infinitum.

I have run the Leader five years, and put but about \$2.50 per week into it beside a vast amount of work, and really got nothing but a little "cousin" from some of our old sanctified Methodist brethren, who think I am unworthy to unloose the latchet of their shoes.

But I have the consciousness of knowing that I have dispelled, from the minds of some of their children, the fear of hell, and that is a satisfaction that I would have given worlds, if I had had them to give, once I have felt as I now feel, entirely free from the thought that if I died tonight, I might possibly wake up in hell to-morrow morning.

I think the Blue Grass Blade improves with every issue.

My experience as a Journalist has impressed upon my mind that short, sharp articles are far better than long-winded, though logical reasoning, in a paper, and that ridicule of the Bible and religion does more good to give religious superstition out of the world than the most forcible logical argument, and, while writing for the Leader, I have often thought if I had the wit of my friend Moore, I would certainly make it, interesting for Christians.

I am, Sir, very truly, yours, JAMES E. MILLS.

ASBESTOS EDITION

OF THE B. G. B.

Hayden, Colorado, Feb. 8, 05.

C. C. Moore.
Kind friend—T. P. Wel's letter on temperance, was good. M. R. Coffman's remedy for the whiskey evil is just about correct.

A "Stuffed Club" was just the stuff to give in some more along that line. Health is happiness. If health is unhappiness. Live in harmony with nature's law and the result is health. Live in discord with them, and the result is broken health.

Hints on how to live in harmony with nature's laws. From Dr. J. B. Wilson would be in order.

A man with whom I am acquainted and who reads the Blade, and who is an infidel, thinks that when C. C. Moore crosses the great divide he will take the Blade with him.

I trust that he is wrong. I hope that Mr. Moore will live to be 100 years old and that he will be the Blade's editor for 30 years to come. But if he does take a notion to quit, I trust he will find some one who can, and will, take his place on the Blade—J. B. GAMBLE.

I think you are doing an immense amount of good in the world, in dispelling the fear of God and hell from the human mind, and while you may never get returns, in cash, for a small part of the good you do, there is a genuine pleasure in knowing that we have cleared the mind of superstition and fear, and laid a permanent basis of happiness to the human race.

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Kind friend—T. P. Wel's letter on temperance, was good. M. R. Coffman's remedy for the whiskey evil is just about correct.

U. G. WILKINSON,
The Campbellite Preacher With
Whom I Debate "Repplies to an
Infidel."

In "The Firm Foundation," a Camp-
bellite Paper.

I have received "The Firm Founda-
tion," of Austin, Texas, Feb. 14, 1905.
It is Vol. 21, No. 7. Its editor is
G. W. Savage, a name not entirely
inapposite as you will notice after
reading the paper a little.

Mechanically the paper is good
enough.

It seems to have nothing in it but
quibbling and wrangling and disput-
ing and bull-dozing other Christian
sects, excepting in one instance
where that same kind of tactics is
used toward an infidel named D. L.
Pardue, by the preacher U. G. Wilkin-
son, the man with whom I am debat-
ing, in Indian Territory. I scanned
over the paper and did not find in it
a single instance in which any vir-
tue is inculcated or any vice reprob-
ed. I thought once I had found some mor-
al advice and started to read it.

It was against over eating—a great
and common fault. The piece turned
out to be some kind of a patent medi-
cine advertisement.

I have been writing for newspapers
ever since 1857, and I do not remem-
ber ever to have seen a more thor-
oughly worthless newspaper than
"The Firm Foundation," or one better
calculated to stir up hate and malice
among people. The piece that some
one has marked and sent me is head-
ed "Reply to an Infidel." The head-
ing is inaccurate, as it is an infidel
himself, who in talking, but Wilkin-
son is self-centered that he ignores
any courtesy to his opponent, and
makes the heading to allude exclu-
sively to himself, or the Savage edi-
tor does this for Wilkin.

I gather, from the discussion that
the infidel, D. L. Pardue, was at the
Wilkinson-Moore debate.

Wilkinson has no right three times
as much space in the paper as Pardue
has. Pardue is not on, a modest
man, but is really more so than is
necessary, and Wilkinson is a domi-
neering, blustering bully. Pardue
says:

"You and I agreed to carry on this
correspondence in a gentlemanly
manner and call each other no hard
names, and I am going to comply with
the same. I know I am uneducated, but
I am not to blame for that, and
I am not to blame for being a fool.
That is no argument and does not
prove anything. You said that I very
carelessly and willfully misrepresented
the Bible. I gave you the scripture
just as they are, and asked you which
was true."

Pardue underrated himself just
as much as Wilkinson overrates himself.
Pardue goes on to show some of the
various discrepancies that exist
in the Bible and that are recognized
as discrepancies by the most compe-
tent of Biblical scholars.

In my debate with Wilkinson, to the
best of my recollection and belief,
the following occurred:

Wilkinson said there were no dis-
crepancies in the Bible, and he ar-
gued the infallibility of the Bible from
the fact that there were no contradic-
tions of itself in it. I argued that
there were discrepancies in the Bi-
ble, and said that some Christian au-
thorities had strenuously contended
that there were discrepancies in the
Bible, and that these persons had
used the discrepancies, in the gospel,
between the four gospel writers, to
show that the gospel writers did not
write in collusion and that their tes-
timony was, therefore, more credible
than if they had all harmonized—that
it was claimed that the discrepancies
were about minor matters while they
harmonized in all essential particu-
lars.

Wilkinson at once accepted that
view of the matter, and argued that
there were no discrepancies in the
Bible to show that they all wrote
by inspiration, and at the same time
agreed that there were discrepancies
in the Bible showing that the writers
of the Bible did not write in collusion.
Pardue takes, for instance, the plain
Bible statement that nobody had ever
seen and the equally plain state-
ment that Moses had seen him and
talked to him, and like a plain, sen-
sible man argued that the statements
conflict as any one of average intelli-
gence can see. The following are
specimens of the style in which Wil-
kinson talks to his readers:

Reply.—Mr. Pardue: You appear
to insinuate that I am not carrying
on this correspondence in a gentle-
manly manner. I suppose, however,
that the readers will be the judges
of that. But I must insist that the
man's head is wrong who can find
even the semblance of a contradiction
in the passages cited. See Gen. 1:26
and 2:19, with their connections. You
say they contradict, but any one can
read them for themselves and see
that they do not. It is a suffi-
cient refutation of your argument.

So you were either inexcusably care-
less or ignorant in your misrepresen-
tation of them, or else you did it will-
fully. It would be superfluous to spend
further time on them.

Do you consider what you think
about it any argument? Such puerile
reasoning sounds silly. I dislike to be
severe, but I have little patience
with those who would attack the word
of God, which is the very essence of
the wisdom of the ages, and has no
better reason for his puny attacks.
It is like attacking Gibraltar with
feathers. It is revolting to common
sense.

(He spelled it "Gibraltar")

If Wilkinson simply claimed to be
meeting Pardue as man and man, it
would not be so flagrant. But Wilkin-
son claims that he is a follower of the
"meek and lowly" One—with a big
Q—and that his religion makes
of him a man who "suffereth long and
is kind, envieth not, vaunteth not
himself, is not puffed up; doth not
behave himself unprovoked, seeketh not
his own, is not easily provoked, re-
sisteth that is unjust, but resisteth
in the truth, beareth all things, be-
leieveth all things, hopeth all things,
endureth all things" (1 Cor. XIII, 4-7)
while the poor miserable infidel, like
Pardue and me, is just the opposite
of all these nice things. Then here
are some other specimens of Wilkin-
son's "meek and lowly" Christian talk:

"You spoke of asking me about
Luke 14:26 as we were going up the
steps. I have a faint recollection of
having some conversation with you
about it just before going into a ses-
sion of the debate. It would not be
expected of me to stop at such a time
and place to answer impertinent ques-
tions, as I was engaged in debate with
another man, and as I remember it
was less than twenty minutes' talk
time for me to begin speaking. Most
men at such a time require their mind
exclusively to attend to the subject
in hand, and if you had understood
the rules of common courtesy, you
would have addressed your questions
to some of my brethren, who were
fully able to answer them, and I un-
derstand that they already answered
them for you in such a manner as
should have satisfied any consen-
tious truth-seeker.

No one is worthy of any principle
who will not forsake all earthly ties
for it—even father, mother or wife.
And so well has our Lord succeeded
in making His language sufficiently
ambiguous on this occasion that here
at the end of nearly two thousand
years an infidel is grudgingly acknowl-
edging its strength. I know some infidels
who hate their father and mother, etc.,
and I think Mr. Pardue is one, while
C. C. Moore is another. For, as
you say, he does not do anything that
they are capable of, against God and
the Bible, Christ and religion, all of
which their fathers and mothers hold
most dear and sacred? As actions
speak louder than words, you are
hating your father, mother, etc., for
Christ's sake, but on the other side,
if you cannot understand this passage
now, you are too stupid to be reason-
ed with further, and may be able to
pass through on your ignorance."

It will be seen from these samples
that there is not even an attempt
on the part of Wilkinson to answer
the objections that are made to his
religion by Pardue who in a modest
and fair style, tells him of those ob-
jections, but Wilkinson talks like the
big braggart and liar, and fraud and
ignoramus and liar that he is.

There are doubtless, Christians
who are good people, despite the
baneful influence of their religion, but
it is impossible for any Christian of
ordinary intelligence, who may
read this, to fail to see the kind and
gentle spirit of the infidel Pardue and
the brutal, tyrannical spirit of the
Christian preacher, Wilkinson.

Give to Christian men like Wilkin-
son and Rucker the power that Chris-
tians once had and they will burn at
the stake, to-day February 23, 1905,
infidels like Pardue and me exactly
like men of their kind burned Servetus
and Bruno, and Joan of Arc because
they were infidels. Wilkinson has
printed that I was a gentleman
as long as I was with him, but that it
was because he made me so.

You can see that Wilkinson makes
no attempt at argument in writing to
Pardue and it was the same way in
his "debating"—if we may so call it
—with me. I have told you that Wil-
kinson would take positions that di-
rectly contradicted each other and
use both of them to sustain his side.
In his writing here to Pardue you
see an instance of this kind. Pardue
had quoted from Luke XIV, 26, the
following: "If any man love me and
hate not his father and mother and
wife, and children and brethren and
sisters, yea, and his own life also,
he cannot be my disciple."

In answer to that Wilkinson says of
Sergius, that he was saying that about
hating, as follows:

"He is using a common rhetorical
figure called by linguists 'hyperbole.'
Why do men of truth, in speaking,
use hyperbole, which means exaggera-

tion? For the purpose of emphasis
and force."

There are more lies told by "exag-
geration," and "for the purpose of
emphasis and force, than from any
other one cause perhaps.

It is almost impossible to find any
body who will not lie from "exag-
geration," Wilkinson has, of course, the
right to accuse the Jesus of the very
common fault of exaggeration, and
that is only a matter between him
and his Jesus, but Wilkinson's incon-
sistency affects all of us—everyone
of us, who do not believe in Jesus.
Jesus, by his "exaggeration," only
meant that Christians should love
him so much more than they
love even the members of their own
families that, in comparison, they
"hate" their families, so that the true-
st and most genuine Christians in
the world are those who hate their
families; and yet in the same breath
as it were Wilkinson picks Pardue
and me, both infidels, as specimens
of men, who hate their families, the
very thing that Jesus says Christians
ought to do. We cannot reasonably
suppose that Wilkinson means that
I hate my family, or my mother and
father, in the ordinary sense of the
word "hate," for there is no evidence
of the kind known even to my nearest
neighbors and it is unreasonable to
suppose that a stranger living 1200
miles from me could know more
about my domestic affairs than my
neighbors do. But this taking a di-
ploma by both hands and using op-
posing arguments to prove the same
thing occurred in other instances of
Wilkinson's "debating" with me.

Between the teaching of Jesus that
Christians should hate their fathers
and mothers, and the fact that in-
fidels naturally hate their Christian
fathers and mothers, the poor Chris-
tian parents have a hard time of it.
It is not, however, the fact that
Wilkinson is illogical and unfamiliar
with the usages of parliamentary dis-
cussion between gentlemen, that I
complain of.

These are accidents of birth for
which a man is not responsible, and
for which Wilkinson cannot, there-
fore be blamed; but if moral responsi-
bility can attach to any man, and a
man is not simply the creature of
heredity and environment it seems
to me that good people ought to hold
Wilkinson, and the Christians who
sustain him, responsible for the tyran-
nical, bullying, brutal spirit, that
characterizes his whole reply to the
very gentle and modest infidel Par-
due. I believe it is generous to say
that Wilkinson, from never having
known anything better than Chris-
tianity, is simply debased and degraded
and brutalized until he is a moral de-
generate.

TACITUS AND J. C.
WORRYING A NEW YORKER.

Trenewsburg, N. Y., Feb. 15, 66.
Brother Moore,

Why do you so often say that "We
know nothing about Jesus except
that he is given us in the New Testa-
ment—profane history knows nothing
of him," etc.?"

Have you never read Tacitus, "An-
nals" Book xv, and Chapter 47?

Tacitus says: "In order to drown
the rumor, Nero shifted the guilt on
persons hated for their abominations,
and known as Christians, and punish-
ed them with exquisite torture. Christ
from whom they derived their name
had been punished under Tiberius, by
the procurator, Pontius Pilate," etc.

This is of interest because it is the
first reference to Christ and his fol-
lowers, by any Roman author. It al-
so shows the cruelty of Nero and the
hatred which the Romans bore to the
new sect. Jesus was not a myth. I
sent Mr. Hughes \$100 some time
since, but I have not had the date on
my wrapper changed from Dec. 64, to
Dec. 65, yet.—S. E. WINGER.

A man named Winger ought to
have wings "and with the angels
stand, a crown upon his forehead and
harp within his hand."

I have been familiar with the pas-
sage that you quote from Tacitus
ever since I was a college boy in
1856, and possibly longer than that.

There are three or four more pas-
sages, in the Latin classics, some
what to the same effect as the one
you quote from Tacitus, but the one
from Tacitus is much stronger than
any of the others, and is more relied
on than any of the others, by Chris-
tians in their debates with infidels.
In Wilkinson's debate with me, he
produced from profane history only
two passages to prove the truth of
the Christian religion. One was the
famous one from Josephus, and the
other was the one that you quote
from Tacitus. I took them in the
order in which he gave them, and
made the argument that is commonly
made by all competent critics of the
Josephus passage, to show that the
passage in Josephus is an interpolated
passage. When I got through my ar-
gument Wilkinson said he knew, in

the beginning, that the passage was
a forgery, and that Alexander Camp-
bell—founder of the sect to which
Wilkinson belongs—said it was
a forgery. It was quite evident by
the way—that W. would have passed
it as an argument for the truth of
the Christian religion, if I had not
been able to expose him.

Wilkinson is also a lawyer and he
seems to think that he has a right to
say anything, true or false, for his
religion, and that it is the other fel-
low's job to detect him.

When W. got through reading the
passage from Tacitus that you quote,
I picked up, with his permission, the
same copy of Tacitus that he read
from and made the argument that
it did not tend to prove the Christian
religion true, so plain that all the
house who were competent to appre-
ciate such an argument seemed to
view it just as I did, and W. did not
feel to present any of the other quari-
ties. You will read my plain state-
ment that I went upon Mt. Calvary,
where Jesus, who is also called Christ,
and commonly called Jesus Christ—
Jesus being the Latin form of
his name and the Hebrew name
probably being Joshua—and stood
there I then believed, and do still be-
lieve, within 10 feet of the spot where
Jesus was crucified, and the tears
came into my eyes because I was
alone and homesick, and an emotion-
al, and because I was touched with
sorrow for the crucified man.

I then went down to the foot of the
small mountain and went into the
tomb cut in the rock, in that garden,
and I stood inside of the heaved out
vault and looked down into a grave
which I then believed, and still do
strongly believe, was the grave in
which Jesus Christ, from whom the
Christians get their name, to-day,
was laid.

It is almost as easy, being there on
the ground, and knowing history, as
sacred and profane, to believe and
understand that Jesus was crucified
on Mt. Calvary, as it is to believe
now, (Calvary, and to believe that he
was buried in that grave, that be-
longed to Joseph of Arimathea, who
lived at Ramich, and whose town I
have seen, as to understand and be-
lieve that Jesus was not buried at
the place shown by the Catholics
for money, in the church of the Holy
Sepulcher, and that Jesus was not
crucified inside of that church, as the
leading Christians of the world say
he was.

The fraud is just as patent as the
fraud in rage and bones that Catho-
lics exhibit to-day. I respect all that
I have here said about the crucifixion
and burial of Jesus, and do it with
emphasis.

If I were being examined for jury
service in Lexington, to-day, I be-
lieve I would hardly say that I have
a "reasonable doubt" of the accuracy
of the truth of the death and burial
—or possibly only apparent death—of
Jesus Christ, as I have here given
you. But certainly you would not call
me a Christian for I do not believe
that a miracle ever did happen, or
ever will happen, and therefore do
not believe any of the miraculous
stories told about Jesus, and so far
from believing that he was a son of
a god any more than I am, I do not
believe that there is any god, and do
not believe that either of the Jewish
parents of Jesus were nearly as intelli-
gent, as my two Saxon parents.

Jesus Christ was crucified by a fair
trial under the Roman law, that we
get our American laws from to-day,
he being charged with sedition just
as George Washington and Jefferson,
Davis were.

Now I will explain to you about
Jesus' being a myth, and you will
see that he was, or was not, a myth,
just according as you see cause to
contradict the word myth.

All intelligent people believe that
there was such a man as Mohammed.
All Mohammedans believe, or pre-
tend to believe, all the miracles that
are ascribed to him. No intelligent
man, in the whole world, believes the
miracles imputed to Mohammed, and
yet I am such an admirer of Moham-
med that I am much nearer a Moham-
medan and opposed to liquor
drinking, than a Christian favoring
it.

Mohammed almost certainly lived.
He is a myth if we are to take the
Mohammedan view of him, and a
historical character, if we take your
view and mine of him.

Joe Smith died within my memory.

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OTTO WETTSTEIN

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Davis and Mrs. Eddy are still living. All intelligent people know that these three people were either frauds or crazy. In a few hundred years from now, if these three people still have followers, the three people will be myths from the view points of their followers, and historical characters from the view points of intelligent people.

Jesus Christ almost certainly lived. He was almost certainly a fraud or deluded—possibly crazy. From the Christians' angle of vision, with the miracles attached to him, he is merely a "myth," but to an intelligent historian he was an actual character—without any more miracle about him than there is about you or me—who was crucified during the procuratorship of Pontius Pilate, under the Roman sedition, a very natural and just charge, as you will see from reading the New Testament. And that is just what Tacitus—a great historian, from whom we get our history, to-day—thought about him. Tacitus expresses no opinion whatever, for Jesus, and speaks of his followers as being "hated for their abominations."

The testimony, then, of Tacitus, as to the truth of the Christian religion is certainly against that religion rather than for it.

**SAYS I AM LIKE
WENDELL PHILLIPS**
—
Ada, Ohio, Feb. 15, 05.
Mr. C. C. Moore.

Dear old friend—I send check for \$100 for renewal of B. G. E. I have been taking your paper ever since the Christians put you in jail in Paris, Ky. I saw a notice in the Boston Investigator, that you were being persecuted for your religious opinions, and I sent 25 cents for a copy of the Blade, and then I sent \$100 for a bundle of Blades, and distributed them among my friends, and some of them are still taking your paper and paying for it. Oh, yes, Brother Moore, if there ever was a martyr you are one just as much as Wendell Phillips, in Boston, was a martyr to the Abolition party.

The Christian preachers have made thousands of investigators by their persecution of you, and as soon as you can get an intelligent person to investigate, he, or she, is sure to quit the church and the worship of images and idols and old bones, or even the old coats of J. C. of Holy Nit.

Yes, Brother Moore, you and I have lived in a period of wonderful revolution of thought. We have seen, and

shaken hands with, men whose genius and mental power, have caused men to think and the old Pope to tremble on his imaginary throne, while he lost nearly all of his temporal power.—W. H. MORROW.

"AND THEY TOOK UP THE FRAGMENTS THAT REMAINED TWELVE BASKETS FULL"
MAT 14:20
I am not preaching now like I was, but if they had sent me to give Sergius a send-off, I would have taken the above for my text.

Sergius ought to have known that it was loaded, but he went right up against it.

I would not have blown him up myself—except metaphorically—and would not have advised anybody else to do so, but, honest Injun, I never wagt a single word of what I heard the other fellow had done it.

I don't think Mr. Teddy ought to have condescended with Sergius' kin folks for himself and all the balance of us too, until he sent a nigger around on a horse and asked us all if we wanted any of it. Teddy is too fly. Some of these days some boy will stick a cannon fire cracker under his coat tail and scare him to death. His Jin Jits won't amount to a hill of plin. I never was killed, but I have been scared to death several times. It's awful, Teddy, my boy, "go slow, there's a ben on."

SHE TUMBLED TO THE BLADE'S RACKET
—
Forest City, Iowa, Feb. 16, 05.
C. C. Moore.

Sir—I have been a reader of your paper for 8 or 10 years, and, on the whole I have found it the most interesting, and instructive reading that I have ever found anywhere, and I will be 71 years old on the first day of March 1905, and I have read a good deal. Some years ago when I was a young boy for reading novels, my wife said, "It's no worse to read novels than to read that old infidel Blade that you read."

Now my wife says when she gets pay for the crochet work, she will help to pay for the Blade another year. I mention this to show what effect the reading of the Blade has on honest and reasonable and intelligent people.

I shall renew my subscription when I get my pension money in April next. Print this if you think it worthy.—ISAAC CONNER.

WALTER COLLINS

Tells of the Revival in California.

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 7th, 05.
Editor Blade.

On the battlefield of the saints and sinners, the ground is covered with the blood of Jesus and hell do be a poplin save, the spirit of the Holy Ghost is ripping up the back, this garden of Eden, the flaming sword has slipped its governor belt and is cutting and slashing like the wrath of an angry God. All the children and colored people have been converted; all the women have confessed Christ; and other sins; all the men are penitent and prayerful;—according to the papers, whose information comes direct from the revivalists themselves so there can be no doubt of its accuracy. Having everything from the unborn infant to the dying sinner, it would seem that it's time to quit, but the conquest still goes on, like the divine death of the Egyptian cattle.

To make sure of a good thing like salvation or death,—repeat it. These frenzied fakers are actually trying to convert one another. One of the best known evangelists in America, who is now in this city, but who gave his or thodoxy a public burial years ago, and has since devoted his energies toward the betterment of his fellowman here and now, was recently made the objective for a concentrated onslaught of the score or more of Christian cranks. The monster, like David of old, met them single handed in their own stronghold and behind closed doors, the contest lasted two hours and the result was that twenty of the best preachers in the city, with the help of Almighty God, in a battle that took place in the cliffiest joss house in California, surrounded by all of the extravagance that money could buy, had failed to move the little heretic from his religion of humanity, with a belief in a personal God or the need of a savior. The man's name is known to every thinker in the United States with the possible exception of editor Moore. The ex-Rev. B. Pay Mills, I enclose the press reports of the defense of his views, which may interest the readers of the Blade.

The revivalists have set apart Tuesday, February 14th, for a day of prayer and other impudence. By that time, if the flow of the great God is not interrupted, the entire city will have been converted the second time. Ringmaster Chapman, announces that it will be a day remembered till eternity,—that's a long time. Our city council has refused to give the persuasive eloquence and given them the day to work upon the redemption of our notoriously rotten city officials,—the honorable (?) council not excepted. If they accomplish anything towards lessening the corruption heretofore existing; the day will surely be remembered till eternity.

I haven't noticed that the saloons or race track will be closed that day, but if God really wishes it, it will be. Drug stores, hardware stores, wagon, theatre and other damnable outrages on the community are to be closed on Sunday, so that there will be no interference with God's work. As our friend Severance puts it, "Everything shall be closed on Sunday, but the preacher's mouth and the contribution box."

Well, the revival has been a great success (?). The town has been converted, but to a stranger looking over the fence, he "wouldn't hardly notice it at all." It reads like a page of sacred history in the Bible, when Jehovah in his overflowing love, ordered Gen. Joshua to sweep down upon a defenceless city of mad huts with a population of perhaps a couple of hundred, and the Lord delivered it into the hands of the Israelites and smote it with the edge of the sword, and slew them with great slaughter, and destroyed every living thing therein and let none remain. And there felt that day before Israel fought and two thousand and three score men, besides the women, children, sheep and asses. Did it ever occur to you Bible reader, that there were more people slain in the little, sparsely settled, rock strewn, holy (?) land than there are at that time on the face of the globe? But of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

The action of our daily papers is decidedly amusing, but not new. Our great religious daily, the notorious Los Angeles Times, the uncompromising enemy of labor and laboring men and the ally and defender of every ring and clique that has flourished in our city with long coated solicitors, giving a bible with each subscription. The examiner, the rival of the Times, is our local exponent of sensationalism and is making its peace with God by issuing a special revival edition each day. The first two pages are devoted to dramatic illustrations of the advertisements of the book-makers, clockers and pool sellers of the race-track fraternity, thus boasting Christ on one page and sports on another is really funny, but its heads I win, and tails you lose.

In the tidal wave of emotion and hypocrisy that is now sweeping over us, there occasionally comes to light a little detail of true Christian character. The Rev. Chas. E. Bentley of Lincoln, Nebraska, after supper following the day of his arrival in this city, told his wife he would visit the Salvation Army and see "what was doing." At 8 p. m., within a half block of the Army headquarters, he, with a veiled female companion, engaged a room in a questionable lodging house, and while the landlady was getting a light, fell over dead. His companion fled.

His grief stricken wife thinks he was enticed there for robbery, or that the mysterious woman was a good samaritan, who seeing he was ill took him to the room to relieve his distress. But some doubt it, however plausible it may seem to the faithful. Why do people talk and ascribe unworthy motives to the holy men of God? It is plain enough to the pure in heart that he took her to the room to pray with her in secret as the Bible says he should. WALTER COLLINS.

A NEW MARY MAC LANE

Elgel, Ky., Jan. 05.
Mr. C. C. Moore.

Dear sir—I enclose two clippings from the Cincinnati Post. One of recent date concerning Miss Lola Gordon, or Mary Mac Lane, No. 2. You were much interested in Mary Mac Lane, and you may get struck by the picture and sayings of this one, for it's nothing new for preachers to get mixed up with these strange Marys.

Miss Lola will not tell her real name, and I imagine it's Mary, for her picture looks like the pictures of some of those we read about. Such characters may be all right in religion, but Free thought needs men and women of firmness, discernment, decision and courage to express and defend their honest convictions. The other clipping alluded to our party name, you have fixed that all right now.

But in leaving off a political party in eliminating all politics from the Blade.

But it is not a bad extreme. The Blade should certainly profit by past experience and be conservative in politics.

Let politicians quarrel over politics, but let preachers quarrel over theology, but the Blade stick to its business of making Free thinkers, like many other free thought papers, and the needed reforms in church and state are just as sure to follow as humanity ceases to inhabit the earth.

There is no doubt about the great work that Free thought papers and books are doing.

I personally know of considerable work that has been done by the Blade and Palms Age of Reason.

Men who were once zealous Christians are now avowed Infidels. Don't be afraid to quote scripture, in the Blade, to show the errors in the Bible.

Some old rich selfish Infidel may not like it, but remember you are continually adding new subscribers. Many of them being Christians. This also means other new readers who will not subscribe and all new converts must strike something to start them to thinking, nothing will do it quicker than to plainly point out an error in the book which they honestly believe is the direct work of the Holy Spirit, and don't neglect to feed the lambs when feeding the sheep. I notice that you are getting a little easy about dropping those that don't pay. I fear this will soon dull the Blade, so that it will need a cash whetting agent.

Dr. Wilson hits my ideas exactly—to occasionally have some of the choice articles in the Blade, put into tract form or little folders; any way so that we can get them.

Such literature could certainly be used to great advantage, especially among a certain class who will not read certain well known free thought literature.

But if you allow a great number of delinquents to do damage the Blade that it will not do, this harvest of usefulness will be lost.—T. F. CARR.

The picture of Lola Gordon is exceedingly beautiful. She seems to be more of an imitator of Mary MacLane than Mary was, or is, of Marie Bashkireff.

A sample of Lola's talk is as follows:

SOME LOLA GORDONISMS

I am odd. I can afford to be—I care not for the opinion of any man. I am French, but I hate France; a woman, but I despise women. I have a name but it is not in America knows what it is. Of false names I have four. Were I to divulge the secret of my identity I would have detectives on my track and they would be after me by night and starve if I must. I know the agony of hunger. I despise men. American males

most. They are steeped in ill manners. I would die if I could not flirt. I am fascinating. I attract men. They see my charm. I like their company because I am lonely. They lie interestingly. I lie to get my first position on the stage. But then I am myself. I hate liars.

I am a genius. I feel my genius is here—my soul. It is transcendent. I shall be famous. No one, nothing can keep me from it.

I am wicked. I am a chorus girl. I know worse words, I know "damn."

I love the stage—there are some good people on it. Compelled to give up, and I would not live. I once knew because we did not have an extra matinee.

I want to go to Japan. I am going. I do not know what for. My second self—the invisible ego—my astral being—something calls me. I will go. I do not know what I will do, once there. But I am myself. Sufficient.

I shall never marry. I am engaged to three men. Why not? Something may happen. Something is always happening. I like chance games.

LOLA GORDON

INDIAN TERRITORY MAN

Tells About the Wilkinson—Moore Debate

You Appealed to the Reason and Intelligence of the People While Wilkinson Appealed to Their Emotions."

Holden, I. T., Feb. 13, 05.
Mr. C. C. Moore.

Dear sir—In your comment on Rev. Burdett's sermon, you say that the seven days of the week were named for the Scandinavian Gods. Judge P. B. Ladd says in his Commentaries on Hebrew and Christian Mythology, that the Aedraeans named them for the seven planets, then known, Neptune and Uranus, not having been discovered by the people. Please let me know if this is a difference of opinion among historians, or does it all amount to the same thing?

Not being educated, and not having access to books there are times when I must ask questions and proclaim my ignorance by so doing.

By the way, your old adversary, U. C. Wilkinson is going to quit T. F. Welch of Comanche, I. T., in debate, at Ryan sometime in the near future. People who know say that Welch is as great a talker as Wilkinson is. My father and one brother heard the debate between Wilkinson and yourself and their opinion is, that you appealed to the reason and intelligence of the people, while Wilkinson appealed to their emotions. I am going to hear the debate between Welch and Wilkinson.

As I cannot over ambitious to break into print, I enclose a stamp and you may answer at your leisure and in the most convenient way—either in the R. G. B. or by private letter.

Yours in search of truth.—H. F. PARDEE.

Asent the naming of the days so far as the discussion between Burdett and me is concerned it all amounts to the same thing.

I suppose Judge Ladd is a better historian than I am—that's his gift—and especially on the point at issue, but I am quite confident that some of the days of the week were named from the Gods of some of the Northmen, or Norsemen, but I am not certain whether they were Teutonic Scandinavians or what not. I am gratified by the opinion that your father and brother have of the debate.

"DOG FENNEL"

Still Exercising the Brathren in Anbroath, Scotland.

The Arbnoath (Scotland) Guide, of January 28, contains the following:

"DOG FENNEL IN THE ORIENT" To The Editor of The Guide.

Sir—I enclose a cutting from the Blue Grass Blade, the editor of which is the author of the book recently refused by the Library Committee. You may have noticed that I am in the feelings of the author, Charles C. Moore, at the rejection of his work so as to read his comments upon it.—JOHN ADDISON.

The cutting referred to by Mr. Addison contains a correspondence between the presentation of the book mentioned to the Arbnoath Library, and its rejection. Mr. Addison writes to Mr. Mitchell, Wilber, Nebraska—An Arbnoath man—who sent "Dog Fennel in the Orient" to the Arbnoath Library—There has been considerable stir in the Library Committee over "Dog Fennel in the Orient." Dr. Lilly has had it some months reviewing it, and has pronounced it an immoral book. He has certain passages marked off with marginal comments—a fine way of prejudicing those who may see it, but have not time to read it. A friend of mine in the Committee says it has gone the round of the Committee and

he has been told by some of them that they will vote against it. They said they had not read it, but would vote against it from what they had heard. I am waiting for its doom, and then I shall have something to say about it, through the "Guide." Then Mr. Mitchell writes to the "Blade" Editor—"I enclose this as it came from Scotland this morning. I sent your book, "Dog Fennel," over to my native town, as a gift for their Public Library. You can see how the proffered gifts is to be welcomed." The Editor, in the course of a strongly seasoned comment, says—"If they had accepted the book, as any gentleman would have done, and put it in their library, there would have been about a half-dozen people who would have read it in a year. As it is now, the book is advertised by their meanness, and a hundred people will read it where one would have read it before. These fellows would burn me at the stake today if they could, but as their patron saint John Calvin burned Servetus."

I am greatly obliged to our brethren Mitchell and Addison, for what they have done for my book, and the dissemination of the truth will be far more to the book's advantage than if the Committee had accepted it and let the people of their town be judges of its merits or demerits.

The authors of some of the most valuable books ever written have been burned at the stake, by Christians, for writing them.

HOG, BACON, HAM.

"What's in a Name; a Hog by Any Other Name Would Smell As Sweet."

With Apologies to Old Billy of Avon.

Brunswick, Maine Feb. 15, 05.
Mr. C. C. Moore.

"What's in a name? You made fun of my name, but I won't be hard on you—you get enough abuse."

I am a tender-hearted old Infidel and you broke me up, when you said if I had my name you would write me."

My parents were poor, and they gave me that name, it was the best they could do, and I have carried it almost as long as you have yours.

All the Hams are proud of their name and my two daughters did rather than change it, as they would have had to do unless they waited until Mrs. Henry's ideas become law.

I can trace my name back to the first family after the Flood.

My great grand-daddy had some trouble with his father. I never could tell how the boy's father knew the old man was fuller than a goose.

That was only one scrap I ever knew of any of the Hams getting in.

I never heard much about the Moores. I think something has been taken of your name. A man in Massachusetts is trying to get his name changed to Moore.

He is named Bumgardner, and he wants to leave off the "Bum."

In the same book that talks about my folks, there's a dog named "More."

Talking about Lazarus it says, "Moreover, the dog licked his nose." Captain Kidd killed a man named William Moore. I'll bet Moore had been making fun of Kidd's name, and Kidd served him right. But anyhow, I'll fight on slinging ink in the Blade.

Rip em up the back, right and left, and as long as I can find a \$1.00, I'll hear what you have to say, good, bad and indifferent.

I think people take you too seriously. They like your wit if you don't hit them.

If you can get any fun out of me go ahead. When you and your wife sit down to a dish of good Kentucky hog think of—WILLIAM L. HAM.

You have some fine kin folks, There's Jamie Hogg, "the Strick Shepherd," that we read about in "Noctes Ambrosianae," and Lord Bacon, and the Earl of Sumers was called a hog of the Sow; but he was Latin for Sow. And then there was Pygmalion the sculptor, but he couldn't split Pig, and then, of course, Corn Paul, the Boer, was kin to you. I had an old friend who said that his family was mentioned in the Bible, and he said they were "high-strung people."

His name was John Quincy Adams Hayman. Not only was Hayman high-strung, but you know that Adam's family was among the very first of that country.

Old man Adam, the founder of the family, is buried in Jerusalem right in 20 feet of where J. C. ain't buried. I save the graves of both of them.

I have alluded to my family when he says, "O Tempora, O Mores!" Hams gets into scraps every hogging time at our house. I use hog to scrape em. I reckon old Billy Moore was kidding Kidd.

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FANNIE OLD GIRL.

The state of Illinois has presented to the U. S. Government to go in the "Hall of Fame," a statue of Miss Frances E. Willard.

Fannie's graft was her Prohibition, and her opposition to liquor is what got her in that hall, and my anti-liquor record ain't going to get me there, though I have stuck to my text more faithfully, and longer than Fannie did.

Fannie's dead now, though she ain't in heaven as St. Peter has painted up above the gate "For men only," and nobody ever heard of any woman in any heaven except a Mohammedan heaven, where there is a big lot of women for each man.

I was a delegate to the Prohibition Convention at Cincinnati, that nominated Levering, the Baltimore Roasted Coffee man (See "Behind the Bars 21,498," for sale at this office—\$1.00).

For president of the United States Fannie was there and she was, all the time, trying her damndest to kick clean out of the Prohibition traces, and she was a kicker from way back, and I was one—though a very obscure one—of a party who went in a body to the Grand Hotel to keep Fannie from kicking clean out. She wanted to go off into some kind of a body that was then holding a convention in St. Louis.

I do not remember the nature of the convention there, but I do not think I had anything to do with temperance, and think it was something like the Socialism that we now have. The Leader of the party with whom I went to see Fannie, on that subject, was Rev. Isaac K. Funk, a Methodist preacher millionaire, who got up the Standard Dictionary at a cost of a million dollars, and who was then editing "The Voice," the greatest Prohibition paper that ever was in the world, except the Blue Grass Blade. Funk and Wagnalls are now great publishers in New York City. Col. George W. Bain, now living in Lexington, was I think, one of the party who went with us. He was the most prominent at that convention, and I am satisfied will substantiate all I say. Still Fannie goes into the "Hall of Fame" for her Prohibition and I went to the penitentiary and various jails for mine.

"Bis Transi gloria mundi," to say

nothing of Sundt, "Fetch in another horse!"

Ackley, Iowa, Feb. 20, 05.
C. C. Moore.

Enclosed \$1.00 to continue the Blade to me. The death of Watson Heston is sad for the Free thought world.

If I had made the world bad people would die, naturally, from their own deeds—good people would live to a ripe old age. Heston was denied the comforts of life, and his wife labored to disadvantage to sustain life. However, remedies for such a condition are not allowed to appear in the Blade. Our Hero, Watson Heston, should be honored by all Free thinkers and will sacrifice \$1.00 to erect a suitable monument on the burial ground with the inscription "Here Lies Watson Heston, the Infidel Cartoonist,—died Peacefully, January 27, 1905, at the Age of 59 Years, in Full Faith That God is a Myth."

This would protect him and all Free thinkers from Christian slanders and advertise the moral conduct of Infidelity, that the Christians so dislike.

When funds are needed I will remit the \$1.00. I remain yours truly.—A. LUTTERMAN.

Heston built his own monument. The "Remedy for the Condition" is to send your \$1.00 to his widow.

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